

dream is having a great two weeks

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/33698845) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/33698845>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF , Dream SMP (Fandom)
Relationship:	Clay Dream/Luke Punz , Clay Dream/Karl Jacobs , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/Wilbur Soot , Clay Dream/Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Alexis Quackity/ Clay Dream
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Luke Punz , Karl Jacobs , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Alexis Quackity
Additional Tags:	whoreweek , Smut , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , losing a bet , Clay Dream Has a Harem (Video Blogging RPF) , except they're a bunch of homies and they fuck , Switch Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , everyone is a switch essentially except punz , Other Additional Tags to Be Added , Tattoos , Oral Sex , Dirty Talk , Body Worship , Praise Kink , Punishment , Dom Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Sub Karl Jacobs , Size Kink , Boys in Skirts , karl jacobs in a crop top , Jerk Off Instructions , Orgasm Control , Teasing , Masturbation , Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Fingerfucking , Begging , Hand & Finger Kink , Pet Names , Porn with Feelings , Dom Wilbur Soot , Sub Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Anal Sex , Predator/Prey , Bunny Suit , Fishnets , Top Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Light BDSM , Dom Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Intercrural Sex , thigh riding , Daddy Kink , Puppy Play , Degrading kink , Sub Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , 69 (Sex Position) , Clothed Sex , Suits , Dom Karl Jacobs , Blindfolds , Lace , Riding , Sub Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Sub Alexis Quackity , BDSM , Flogging , Bondage
Language:	English
Collections:	phoenix's mcyt fics <3
Stats:	Published: 2021-09-05 Updated: 2022-01-19 Chapters: 9/15 Words: 19406

dream is having a great two weeks

by [lilcrabcrab](#)

Summary

Dream has always taken on bets too easily and played around with sexual jokes and flirtations with his friends too often. Let's face it; that whore had it coming. So it shouldn't be a surprise that eventually, he gets into this situation where, following a severely miscalculated (or perhaps planned all along?) bet, seven of his friends have free reign to do whatever they want to him, sexually, for two weeks.

Basically this is a collection of PWP based on each of the whoreweek prompts except I also make it one whole cohesive story because I'm extra like that.

Notes

FIRSTLY let's ignore that I'm starting this extremely late. Secondly, welcome to crab's contribution to whoreweek! For the next 15-ish days I will be whoring Dream out to seven hand-picked friends of his according to some twitter user's prompts. I'm going to try to upload daily-ish according to whoreweek scheduling and also catch up to the rest since this is a pretty late start, but that's quite tentative. I welcome you all along for the ride and hope you enjoy the variety of banging sex that's about to go down. Have fun!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Punzwastaken - Tattoos

“Nervous?” Punz’s voice comes from outside the doorway, and Dream identifies it as his even though with the angle that he’s seated on his bed, he can’t see him yet. A few seconds later, he comes into view, leaning against that doorframe with a lopsided grin.

“Maybe a little bit,” Dream replies. The nerves had calmed a little since the fever pitch they had reached a few hours ago when it had sunk in that all seven of them had really meant it with this bet, but now Punz is here, outside, and his heart is jumping aggressively into his throat again. He hadn’t known which of the seven was going to go first, until he had heard Punz’s voice. He chuckles softly, and slightly awkwardly. “So... so you’re really- we’re really doing this, huh?”

Punz shrugs, coming up to stand in front of him. His eyes flick up and down Dream’s body, before meeting his eyes. “A deal is a deal, right? You agreed, and, I can’t speak for all of us, but I know I’m looking forward to the next two weeks, at least.”

Dream swallows. “To- to using me,” he says, repeating the vulgar way that Wilbur had phrased the conditions. Then, the slightly blunter terms in which Sapnap put it: “You guys are looking forward to fucking me. Or adjacent. However you like.”

There’s a quick, sharp laugh, and Punz pushes against his shoulder, knocking him backwards down onto the bed. All of a sudden he’s hovering above him, elbows bracketed on either side of his head. “Who wouldn’t?” He grins, and Dream can feel the way a soundless laugh escapes his lips in a little exhale. “Look at you, god.”

“True,” Dream jokes, and it would be convincing if not for the slight breathlessness in his voice. As much as he’d been sitting there nervous waiting for one of them to make good on this ‘punishment’ for a bet, he wouldn’t have agreed to it in the first place if he didn’t want it. If in the hour that they’d made him wait a hand had crept across inked smiles and axes down into his pants to palm over himself in anticipation, no one had to know those specific details.

“I’m not going to go too hard on you,” Punz continues, making piercing eye contact with him that provided no option to focus on anything other than him. He pushes himself up, putting a little distance between them both again, and stares down at Dream’s body like he can see through the thin white material of his shirt. “I know some of the others were talking about doing some.. some interesting things, but I figured, since they let me go first...” he presses the pad of his thumb against Dream’s bottom lip, pulling it down just slightly to reveal the little heart tattooed on the inner part of it, “I thought I’d just appreciate the body you’re giving to us to play with fully.”

Dream shudders, eyes blown out wide as he looks up at Punz. He doesn’t dare move his mouth to speak, with Punz’s thumb on it; instead he breathes in a stuttering inhale, and twists his hands into the bedsheets as if that would stop his mind from shutting down entirely.

Punz smirks at his reaction. “You’ve drawn all over this body, haven’t you?” He traces over the outline of that little heart, then leans in, pressing the lightest of kisses across Dream’s opened mouth and then pulling back again. Dream nods in a small movement, eyes tracking Punz’s hand as he removes it from his mouth and lets it trace over his shoulder and collarbone, feather-light. The twisted stem of rose snakes out from beneath the collar of Dream’s t-shirt to bloom across his pulse-point, and Punz’s lips come to the center of that tattoo, open-mouthed and sucking on the sensitive skin.

“Yeah- yeah, I have,” Dream replies. A gasp turns into a full on moan when Punz bites down,

tongue instantly swirling over the skin once his teeth let go. “You’re not- it’s pretty futile to try to make a hickey show up there,” Dream says, lips quirking into a half-hearted smile.

Punz ignores his words. His tongue lies flat against his neck, licking a smooth, wide stripe across it, before he leans back again, admiring him. “It’s a pretty flower, that one,” he muses.

Dream’s breath catches at the word pretty, but then he deflates a little when Punz specifies the flower. “The- just the tattoo, huh?” he asks, needy and a little cocky too at the same time.

“Idiot.” Punz grabs Dream’s jaw, gripping tightly enough that Dream finds he can’t move his head. “All of you, obviously.”

“All-?” Dream repeats, but Punz doesn’t need the prompting: he’s already reaching under the hem of Dream’s t-shirt, pushing it up his chest to reveal an abdomen that flutters slightly with shaky breaths of anticipation. Instantly, lips and soft fingertips begin to map over each of the little inked images on his body. A sword leads down Dream’s side to impale the outline of a ghost, and Punz’s fingers tickle down the blade’s edge, leaving goosebumps in their wake. Flames flare across his chest, and Punz brushes his lips across each inked line. There’s a smile, and the top of a pair of goggles peaking out from under the waistband of Dream’s sweatpants. A tongue trails down over them, slowly kissing and licking at the skin.

“Your body is so fucking perfect,” Punz praises, looking up at Dream from his position now knelt and bent in between Dream’s legs. His mouth is still hovering over that smile tattoo, and the exhaled air from his words brushes over still spit-slick skin, cooling it in a way that makes Dream shiver. By now his dick is straining very visibly in his pants, desperate to receive even half of the attention that his tattoos are.

In a sudden movement, Punz rises and grabs Dream’s hips, picking him up enough to move him up the bed, propped up against pillows and giving Punz enough space to settle on the bed in front of him as well. Grinning, he takes Dream’s face in his hands and kisses him on the mouth, properly this time; tongue slipping into Dream’s mouth and drawing soft, needy moans out of both of them. He catches his bottom lip between his teeth for a moment before they break apart, so that when he lets go and lets a finger pull the flesh of that lip downwards again, he sees marks left in the little tattoo drawn there.

“Do something about-” Dream says, cutting himself off with a whine when Punz’s hands make their way up his shirt to thumb over his nipples and stroke over his abs, “Punz, touch my dick.”

Punz laughs softly. “Get that shirt off for me first then,” he replies, sitting back on his heels to rub at himself lazily as he watches. Dream complies instantly, and Punz lets out a whistle as the full spread of Dream’s torso is properly revealed; pretty tattoos are scattered across his chest and abdomen, but there’s enough tan, slightly-freckled skin left bare to admire in its own right as well. “God, you’re hot,” he says again, leaning in to trail kisses down his stomach, following the light trail of blond hair leading into his pants.

“Is that good enough? Satisfied?” Dream asks, smirking a little as he tosses his shirt to the side. Punz looks up at him witheringly, but they both know the answer is yes. Dream’s hips are lifted, and deft hands slide his pants off smoothly. All quite suddenly, Dream’s cock is lying flushed and unclothed on his lower abdomen, jumping impatiently as it waits to be touched.

It doesn’t have to wait long. Punz slides down to lie essentially flat on his stomach between Dream’s spread legs, his own dick pressed up against the mattress in a way that makes him unable to resist rutting against it in little movements as he takes hold of Dream’s cock, stroking up and down the length a few times. When Dream moans and asks for more, he leans in, tongue pressed

flat against the base and licking upwards until it forms a point at the glans, pressing with especially much pressure against that most sensitive part.

“*Punz*, ” Dream keens, a hand making its way into the mess of Punz’s hair. He can *feel* Punz’s lips form into a smile against the tip of his cock, before he takes it all into his mouth, tongue swirling around that head and dipping carefully into the tip before he sinks down further. He takes about half of the length into his mouth, a fist wrapped around the other half and twisting slowly.

It’s embarrassingly easy for Dream to fall apart, like this. A few bobs of Punz’s head up and down his cock, and he’s moaning loudly and uncontrollably, fingers tightening in his hair and tugging without him realising. Punz’s tongue curls around him, sometimes pressing rhythmically into the glans and sometimes smoothing across the tip, sometimes flattening and wrapping around his cock as he hollows out his cheeks and *sucks* . Dream can’t help but buck up into the wet heat of his mouth, and Punz takes it, bringing one of his own legs up slightly to gain purchase and a better angle as he humps against the mattress to the rhythm of Dream’s fucked out sounds.

“Close,” Dream says, and even that one word - he knows he would fail to form a sentence surrounding it instantly, doesn’t even try to - even that word is more of a cry gasped out in pleasure than speech. He repeats it, voice shakier and shakier with each attempt, “close, close, *cumming*. ”

Punz pulls off him with a lewd pop when he’s just at the edge. Dream’s desperate whine of complaint is cut off quickly when Punz shucks his own pants off and shifts to bring their cocks together, using the spit he had spread over Dream’s to jack them both off at the same time. “I want you to cum all over yourself, okay, cum on your pretty body,” he says, breath ragged as he also gets close. His hand drags across both of them, slick with spit, and he can feel the way Dream’s dick is twitching and pulsing with impending release through both his hand and the underside of his own cock.

Almost exactly at the moment that Punz says that last word, Dream cries out and does precisely as instructed, eyes fluttering shut and body trembling as he comes. Three quick, rough strokes with a now cum-coated hand have Punz tipping over the edge as well, groaning aloud and feeling his hips stutter to a stop.

Thick white lines of both of their cum paint across Dream’s tattoo’d chest, mixing on the already half-filled canvas, and Punz can’t help but feel like he’d completed a piece of art.

Karlwastaken - Crop Top

Chapter Notes

We're all going to ignore that Dream isn't the one in the crop top because listen; it's a scene revolving around a crop top and it looks fucking hot on Karl and we're all going to eat it and be happy, yeah? There's a good amount of hands in here as well because I got carried away but don't worry, hands will get its own day specifically too. Anyway, here you go, have fun :)

"I look nice, right?" Karl twirls around in front of Dream, giggling. The hem of a tiny tennis skirt lifts in the momentum, enough to expose the smooth curve of Karl's ass underneath it, if only for a split second, before he completes a full revolution and stops, the fabric falling back down to cover the top half of his thighs. He claps his hands softly. "Hey, my eyes are up here."

Dream looks up hastily enough at the reprimand to catch a teasing grin on Karl's face. "I thought *I* was supposed to be the slutty one, with this whole thing you guys are doing to me," he says, instantly allowing his eyes to fall back to checking Karl's body out when it's clear Karl doesn't actually mind it at all. Although he'll probably never get over the way Karl's thighs look in a skirt, he's seen him wearing that sort of thing before - the thing that's actually new is what's on top of that. Thin pastel-blue straps criss-cross over the top half of his abdomen, tied back behind him, and lead up into a tight little cropped t-shirt in the same shade. The vast majority of his midriff is exposed, all flat stomach and pretty pale skin. This doesn't feel like punishment at all; this feels like a gift delivered to him, little bow tied around it to seal the deal.

Karl pouts over-exaggeratedly. "Maybe I just wanted to be pretty," he says. His eyes twinkle, and he flops backwards onto the bed. "The point is just wish fulfilment. We get our sexual fantasies fulfilled, mm? By you, Dweam."

Dream cringes a bit at the overly sweet tone, and Karl notices the little wince, laughing at him. He watches as Karl arches his back off the bed, colourful painted nails scratching down his own exposed stomach and lifting the edge of his top. With hooded eyes trailing after the little red lines those nails leave, he asks, "What's your fantasy then?"

"You tell me," Karl replies. When Dream frowns, evidently about to point out how that doesn't make sense, he lets a single finger lift the hem of his skirt, pulling it upwards towards his hips. It doesn't reveal anything outright, but the fabric catches very obviously at a certain point, in a way that suggests exactly what's underneath. Exactly the *state* of what's underneath, in fact. "I mean, tell me what to do. I want you to look at my pretty body in this slutty little crop top and tiny little skirt and tell me exactly how to touch myself."

Oh.

Dream blushes, staring at him with his mouth in a soft 'o' of surprise. "You- oh- like. I. Oh."

"Come *on*, Dream, you're flustered? By that?" Karl's face is flushed too, but less with shock and more with a giddy sort of arousal. "You can do better than that, I know you can. Look-" his hand is lifting the skirt again as he speaks, and Dream can tell there definitely isn't any sort of underwear worn underneath it, if the outline of his cock making a bump in the thin fabric is any sort of

indication. "Look how hot I am, don't you just want to control me?"

Dream blinks twice. God, he does, he really really fucking does. He nods, first quickly in affirmation with the word "yes" falling from his mouth decisively, and then again slower, more thoughtfully. "Get up onto your knees."

Karl sits up instantly, a wide grin on his face like he's finally getting exactly what he wants. Which he is. Fingers sinking softly into the bed, he shifts until he's kneeling, sat back with his butt resting on his heels.

"Not like that," Dream amends. "Spread your thighs a bit more, pretty boy." He watches as Karl does so, and the outline of his erection is so *extremely* obvious now. Dream can see it jump a little when he purrs out, "Good, that's better."

"Can I touch?" Karl asks, voice soft and whiny. The blush on his face has spread all the way down his body. Dream notices the way it peeks out from underneath that cropped hem of his top, pink-flushed skin with pale blue straps cutting across.

Dream shakes his head. "Lift your skirt," he says instead, "Don't touch yourself, just let me see your cock."

It springs free of the skirt's folds easily when Karl finally moves the cloth up and away from it. A simple truth strikes Dream the moment he catches sight of it; the glistening tip of his dick looks as if it's dipped, like in candy, in the same pretty pink blush colour dusted on Karl's cheeks and hiding underneath that crop top.

"Fuck," Dream says under his breath. He moves closer to Karl, not touching him in any way, just sitting in front of him in awe. He only regains his senses when Karl whimpers aloud, hips jerking upwards into thin air. He narrows his eyes. "Hey. Stop that."

"*Dream*," Karl protests, but he goes still instantly, looking at Dream with wide, attentive eyes.

"Spit in your hand," Dream says, and Karl brings his hand up to his face, keeping eye contact with Dream as he licks across his palm cheekily, before spitting as directed. "And now wrap that hand around yourself. Go on."

Karl gasps out in immediate relief when it makes contact, keeping his hand still as he waits for further instruction. "Thank you," he says, breathlessly.

"Move it, now," Dream continues. "Slowly."

It takes all of Karl's self control, but he manages to keep it slow as ordered, moaning softly as he spreads his own spit up and down his dick. The feeling is infuriatingly not enough, and he expresses this frustration through increasingly desperate little noises as Dream sits back and watches, not showing any sign of letting him increase the pace at all.

"Keep going like that," Dream says, getting up. He circles around until he's positioned behind Karl's back, placing a hand lightly on his bare waist. His hand, spread out, covers almost all the skin exposed by the crop top, and Karl looks so very small in comparison. The straps tied behind Karl's back fall away easily when he pulls; it doesn't expose much extra skin, but it feels like unwrapping him, pulling his clothes undone before he does the same to *him*. He rests his chin on Karl's shoulder, turning to mouth at his ear and whisper, "Want more?"

Karl nods, glancing to the side but not able to move enough to look at Dream properly without feeling like he's disobeying orders. All he has is his voice in his ear to guide him, and those big

hands, now one on either side of his waist, stroking across the skin and just holding him still. “Go a bit faster then,” Dream says. His index finger begins to tap out a steady, moderate rhythm against Karl’s side. “Something like this.”

“Mm, mhm,” Karl affirms, hand speeding up to match. At every tap against his skin, his hand twists around the top of his dick, each time gathering more precum to ease the slide back down. This is good - this is what he had wanted. He arches his back, leaning his head back against Dream’s shoulder, and closes his eyes, losing himself in the steady rhythm of following as Dream directs.

All of a sudden, the taps disappear, and Dream’s voice follows: “Stop.” Karl whimpers, but, almost as if it’s more natural to comply than to chase that instinct for touch, he stops. If not for his hand still wrapped around his cock, gripping tight both in an attempt to ground himself and to cheat and sneak in *some* pleasure at least, it would be twitching desperately for the attention to resume.

Dream raises an eyebrow, smirking. “You’re so obedient,” he notes, and feels the way that the words send a shiver down Karl’s spine, shuddering under his hand.

“For you,” Karl says, breath shaky as he fights against how much he wants to buck up into his own hand. He has to do well- he has to do exactly as told. “Obedient for you, Dream.”

“Good.” Big hands squeeze at his midriff, compressing blushing, bare skin between long, deft fingers. “Start touching again now. Grip tighter. Same-ish speed, you can remember it, can’t you?”

“I can,” Karl says quickly, nodding.

“Clever.”

From his side profile, Dream can see Karl’s mouth form into a heady grin at the combination of praise and the no doubt dizzying friction of his hand on his cock. He’s going slightly faster and more erratically than the pace he had set earlier, but he finds he doesn’t mind. One of Dream’s hands sneak under the tight fabric of the crop top, thumbing over Karl’s nipple. When he flicks at it softly, Karl lets out a little squeak, followed by a gasp, and after that his hips start uncontrollably rutting up to meet his hand.

“Getting close?” Dream asks, when Karl’s moans become high-pitched and lose any breathiness, turning completely vocal. He only nods in confirmation, hand still working at his dick. “Tell me, Karl,” Dream prompts.

“Cumming- cumming soon, please-” Karl gasps out desperately as he speaks, not daring to - or wanting to - stop touching himself to find the mindspace to reply properly. “Count me down, Dream, please? From- from like five.”

Dream chuckles. “Can you hold out until then?” he asks, knowing full well that even that little delay would make it that much harder.

“*Dream,*” Karl whines, “*Quickly.*”

He laughs, and relents. “Five.”

Karl’s hand slows down a little, like a spring coiled up and waiting.

“Four.”

A little faster, breath held in his chest, stomach sucked in.

“Three.”

He exhales shakily, speeding up fully again, hand stroking over himself with little rhythm or order. He feels like the only thing holding him back from coming instantly is Dream’s hands, bracketed around that strip of exposed midriff.

“Two.”

“Fuck, Dream, feels so- feels so good-”

“One.”

He sighs, screams, cries out-

“Cum for me, baby,” Dream says.

And he finishes.

Dreamnotfound - Hands

Chapter Notes

Didn't know that I'm extremely in love with georgenotfound in particular? Well after reading this you will! :D

Basically I made them kind of /r despite this being a "bunch of homies who fuck" concept for literally no reason other than my love for gnf and dnf. Sorry that I skipped yesterday, I was going through just the absolute worst cramps known to man, please understand. To make up for it, here's 2000 words of filthy, sickly-sweet dnf. Enjoy.

George leans back against the headboard of the bed, all casual. Soft, thin fingers play with the edge of a pillowcase as he talks to Dream. "You're so dumb for agreeing to this," he says.

"It hasn't been too bad, so far." Dream shrugs. "Free sex, honestly."

George scoffs. "Yeah, you'd like that, wouldn't you."

"Hey!" Dream lunges across the bed, tackling him. George giggles beneath him, undaunted, and he shakes the older by the shoulders in indignance. "Come on, anyone would like it, it's just common sense."

"Mm, sure," George replies, sounding unconvinced. "Not everyone's as much of a whore as you, *Dream*."

Dream scrunches his face up in playful annoyance, placing a hand around George's neck lightly in a sort of joking threat. "You're literally here to get your turn at me right now, you really can't say much."

"Yeah, my turn at using my massive *whore* of a friend to get off." He inclines his chin a little, acknowledging the hand at his throat. "Go on then. Choke me if you're so mad."

Dream tightens his hand a bit, squeezing for a moment and watching as the challenging spark in George's eyes dies off and his eyelids flutter shut, but then he lets go just as quickly. He rolls off George to lie on his side next to him, head pillowed on an elbow to look at him. "That's not what you're actually going to ask for though, is it?"

George pulls his bottom lip between his teeth, chewing at it in thought. There's a touch of nervousness too; Dream can see it underneath the jokes and laughter. He shakes his head. "No."

Figures. Dream raises an eyebrow, watching, waiting. When George doesn't continue, he takes a hand and places it on his cheek, thumb running across the soft curve of his cheekbone. He's beautiful, Dream thinks: even in the late evening with the curtains drawn and the lights dimmed, he looks like he glows with a sort of soft moonlight.

Suddenly, George's hand comes up to wrap around Dream's wrist. "Your hands," he says. A little giggle rises in his throat, and he looks away, even though there's nowhere for him to really escape the fond way that Dream is looking at him. "Um. Yeah. I want this. I want your hands."

The gentle motions of Dream's thumb stops. He lifts George's chin slightly, smiling softly at first, before his expression shifts into a quiet cockiness. "Well, okay. How do you want them then, baby?"

George breathes in a little gasp at the pet name. With his fingers still wrapped around Dream's wrist, he moves his hand down to his chest. "Here," he says, arching into Dream's touch when Dream instinctively brushes over the hardened peaks of his nipples. "Or here." He takes his hand and strokes it down his waist, then lower to cup the half-hard bulge in his pants.

"Just that?" Dream asks. His fingers feel over George's dick, finding the head and rubbing over it in little circles through the fabric of his sweatpants. It quickly fills out to full hardness under his touch.

George blushes at that, face flushing into an even shade of pale red. The apples of his cheeks lift in a bashful smile. As if by instinct, and in a betrayal against the hesitancy in his words, his legs fall open, spreading apart as Dream continues to palm at him.

"Oh, *not* just that, hm?" Dream smirks, looking down pointedly. "Come on, ask for it."

George's hips grind forward, and he lets out a low sound that's something like a mix between a whine and a grunt of frustration. "You're an idiot," he says, rather than admitting it.

"Am I, now." Dream's hand presses down harder, and he pushes the heel of it into George's erection almost violently. George's legs, ever traitorous, spread themselves further apart in a silent plea for those hands to go further between them. It's always easier to ask with actions and movements than with words.

It's also never been enough to satisfy Dream.

"*Fine, I will* ask for it," George grits out, and Dream's hand stills to listen attentively. George leans in, pushing their faces within an inch of the other, and stares Dream down with piercing, determined eyes as he speaks. "Listen. I want you to fuck me with those huge fucking fingers of yours."

Dream laughs, a grin spreading across his face like honey. He nods, slow and annoyingly confident. "Sure. Take your clothes off for me."

"You do it." George sits up, lifting his arms above his head. Dream rolls his eyes, but takes the hem of George's t-shirt in his hands nevertheless, easily slipping it off him and chucking it to the ground beside the bed. Rather than continuing to strip him, he takes his jaw in his hand, leaning in to kiss him as his other hand glides over the lean muscles of George's now bare back. George leans into it, tongue curling softly against his and a little sigh making its way out from the back of his throat. Demanding fingers reach behind his own back to grab Dream's hand again, guiding it down to cup the round swell of his ass.

"Impatient, mm?" Dream mumbles against his lips.

George nods, lifting his hips towards Dream in further demand to be rid of all of his clothes. "Hurry up."

He's been touching himself over his pants, but removes his hand quickly when Dream caves in and hooks his fingers into George's waistband, sliding his pants and underwear off in one movement. His cock bounces a little then falls to lie against his stomach as George lies back against the bed as well. He bends his knees up to his chest, exposing his pretty, pink-tinted hole, the ring of muscle

winking up at Dream like an invitation.

There's lube already set out on the bedside table - Dream figured with the way these two weeks are supposed to go, there isn't much point not having it on hand all the time. And it's not like anyone would come in his room and see it and ask questions, considering essentially all his friends are in on the whole "let's take turns having sex with Dream" thing. He takes the little bottle, screwing the cap open quickly and squeezing a good amount onto his index and middle finger. Rather than putting any effort into warming it up first, he holds those fingers just above George's crotch, letting two drops fall off his hands and drip down onto his balls. George gasps at the cool sensation, face flushing.

The rest of the lube that remains on Dream's fingers gets rubbed over his hole, and Dream watches as it flutters and clenches at the touch. For a while, he doesn't make any move to press in, instead just rubbing and stroking over the top of it, spreading the lube around and making a slick mess of his ass.

"Just put them in already," George whines. He grinds his hips down against Dream's fingers, as if he could maneuver them inside him if he just tried hard enough. His arms are splayed uselessly above his head, long fluffy hair making a chocolate-brown halo around him, and, as he pouts up at Dream, he makes the conscious effort to purposefully call tears to his eyes.

They shine wetly, and a drop falls, rolling down the side of his face. He grins a little triumphantly at even managing to make that happen, before resuming the puppy dog eyes, blinking at Dream pitifully. "Come *on*."

"You're not even cute when you over-exaggerate begging like that," Dream lies. He presses one finger in, up to the first joint, then pauses, looking at George with a smirk just for the sake of watching his annoyance when he doesn't instantly go on and impale him with the rest of that finger.

"Oh my *god*, Dream," George complains. He clenches down desperately around that little segment of finger, arching off the bed. "*Fuck . Me .*"

Dream has to look away for a moment to hide the stupidly fond smile that his lewd words elicit. Eventually, when the blush dies down a little, he pushes the whole finger in, curling upwards exploratively, before removing it and instantly adding a second. He pumps them in and out a few times, watching his fingers disappear into the tight heat. "That good?" he asks.

George nods vigorously - some of his hair flops against his forehead, a few strands sticking with sweat. "So big," he moans. "Big long fucking minecraft-playing hands, you make me feel so full."

Dream shakes his head, laughing. "You're such an idiot," he says. His fingers curl again, and he speeds up, fucking into George quickly and steadily. Gradually, but surely, George falls apart on his hand, long drawn out moans starting to be punctuated by sharp, high-pitched mewls every time he brushes against his prostate.

"It's *true* though," George says, panting and writhing as Dream adds a third finger. "Dream, your hands are so stupidly huge that your fingers literally feel like a cock."

Fuck. "You can't just *say* that," Dream mutters. He grips George's thigh with his other hand, tight enough to bruise the milk-white skin. He's pushing it up against his chest, and he finds George is strangely flexible, just lying and taking all the different ways he's being spread open and split apart. The lube makes pornographically loud, slick noises as Dream fucks his fingers in and out of George, watching intently as George closes his eyes, throws his head back, and moans like he

wants all the neighbours to hear him.

“Actually I ca-” George’s reply is cut off by a gasp so loud it’s basically a scream. “Fuck, what the *fuck*, Dream, right there, *there*. ”

“Yeah?” Dream bites his lip, noting the angle and pounding into him harder, aiming for that same spot. George is almost sobbing now, fucked-out cries and whimpers tumbling out of his mouth in a constant stream. His cock, untouched since Dream’s fingers had entered him, drools precum onto his abdomen, leaving a tiny pool of wetness underneath the flushed-red leaking head.

“Dream! *Dream*, ” George chokes out, and while he’s never been good with using his words properly with this sort of thing, it’s obvious enough what he’s trying to say from the way that his thighs are now trembling under Dream’s hand, hole fluttering uncontrollably around the other.

“Gonna cum for me, George?” Dream asks, keeping the same steady rhythm as George falls further and further over the edge. “I’ve barely touched your dick, baby, you’re really gonna cum from just my fingers inside you? You’re *that* much of a slut for them?”

“Yeah- yeah, I am, Dream, *fuck*. ”

“Do it, then.” Dream curves his fingers in with ever more force, determined to get him to his climax. “Cum from my huge fucking hands, George, from nothing else, *cum for me* .” The last words are uttered in a low, almost animalistic growl.

That pretty little reddened cock lying on George’s tummy jumps, straining against thin air.

In powerful, breath-taking contrast to how loud he’d been the whole time up until now, George’s mouth opens wide in a silent scream, eyes screwed shut in pleasure. Cum shoots out of him with enough force to leave drops of it across his neck, a messy pearl necklace with more creamy lines of it splattered on his chest.

He comes down from his high with a giddy smile plastered on his face, unfocused eyes slowly sharpening to look at Dream with the sort of tenderness you only get after a really, really good orgasm. Like love is so brainlessly easy to fall into, when it can feel like *that*. “That was really good,” he says, reaching out towards Dream.

Fingers still slick with lube intertwine with smaller, softer, cleaner ones, and it’s kind of gross but neither of them really mind.

“I’m glad,” Dream replies.

Dreambur - Fishnets

Chapter Notes

For legal reasons please feel free to consider this Wilbur as c!Wilbur rather than cc!Wilbur; the distinctions are blurry either way for all of them but I'd say this characterisation definitely leans towards c! as well. Serious stuff aside, congratulations to Mr Soot for being the first dick up an ass in this fic! Definitely more of an intense feel to this chapter. Hope you like it.

It's a note in slightly messy handwriting blu-tacked to his bedroom door when he makes his way back from hanging out with Karl and Quackity, with a penned winking face and instructions to 'get himself ready'.

It's an outfit laid out on the bed, before he can guess at who it was that put it there.

And it's a high-waisted bodysuit that tugs at his crotch when he pulls it on, and a set of velvety black bunny ears that make him blush when he sees himself in the mirror settling the headband into his hair; it's fishnet stockings that shift smoothly over his skin as he bends his legs to see the way that the netting stretches over his thighs.

"Aww, Dream, look at you, my lovely little bunny," comes a voice from the door, and Dream snaps his head around, face burning. Instinctively, his hands rush to cover his crotch, which feels all too exposed with the tight way that the bodysuit clings to him.

"Wilbur," he says, voice small. "Uhm. Hi."

Wilbur's grin is sharp at the edges in a way that makes Dream want to cower and hide, but invitingly warm and soft in the middle at the same time. He steps towards Dream, and, like a deer frozen in headlights, Dream watches unmoving as he gently takes him by the wrists and removes his hands from their place covering himself. Dark brown eyes drag down his body, catching on the already-hardening outline of Dream's dick underneath the thin, stretchy fabric of the bunny suit.

"Shy?" Wilbur asks. Dream shakes his head, looking away with a blush dusting his cheeks. He hears Wilbur tut, and then his thumb is pressed under his chin, tilting his head up to look at him. "Don't lie to me, baby, you can do better than that."

"Maybe- I mean, maybe, I-" Dream stutters. It's hard to make any sort of sense when Wilbur is looking at him like this, darkened eyes now fixed on his lips, which part of their own volition under his gaze.

Wilbur laughs. "You look beautiful, did you know that?" He steps forward, so that their chests are pressed flush against each other, and Dream stumbles backwards a little, eyes wide. "I made such a good choice with this outfit for you. Could call myself some sort of a genius for that idea."

"Thank- uh. Thank you," Dream says. His heart beats violently in his chest, and, when Wilbur takes another step into his space, towering over him with a sly, hungry grin, he trips on nothing much at all, letting out an embarrassing little squeak when the backs of his stocking clad legs hit the side of his bed and he falls onto it, catching himself on his elbows at the last moment to avoid

falling to lie fully flat.

Not that that lasts for long. Wilbur follows smoothly, the large frame of his body coming to hover above him, and Dream finds himself almost cornered onto that bed. Wilbur's arms are planted solidly at either side of him, and even if he could sneak out from underneath (which is not at all certain, honestly), he realises doesn't want to. Wilbur puts the heady feeling into words with a smirk: "Caught you."

The only reply Dream can muster up is a small whine, high in his throat. Wilbur's body lying between his legs presses down on his crotch, and he lifts his hips to increase that pressure, gasping lightly at the friction and then biting his lip, looking away again when he realises what he's done.

"Fuck, baby, and you're not even scared of getting caught, are you?" Long fingers come to trace down the side of Dream's face, Wilbur's pretty lips twisting into a smile that drips of greed over something that seems to him too good to be true. That something being Dream, like *this*, beneath him. "No- that's not true. You *are* scared. And you like it, you dirty kinky little slut, you. Isn't that true?"

Dream breathes in sharply and nods. He feels like he should probably reply properly; feels like he should 'use his words', as they say - indeed as he had so confidently asked of George literally a day ago. But god, it's fucking hard. He can feel Wilbur through the few layers of clothes separating them; can feel him grinding down against him ever so slightly, less of an active concerted movement and more of a slight, steady shifting and pressing. Closing his eyes in an attempt to make it all just the slightest bit less overwhelming, he breathes out, "Yeah. I do."

"Good." Wilbur gathers the raised sides of the bodysuit in both of his hands, thumbs slipping through those holes and tugging upwards sharply. The seam at the bottom digs into Dream slightly uncomfortably, and he whimpers. His hips push ever upwards towards Wilbur, still desperate for friction. Wilbur huffs out a light laugh. "And you'd like me ripping all of this off you too, wouldn't you?"

Dream blinks long lashes up at Wilbur and nods again. His hands grab uselessly at the sheets beside him. He can't think straight enough to figure out something good to do with them, but this feeling - from the way he can feel Wilbur's hard length rubbing insistently against his, to the way that the taller man's gaze feels like it shrinks him into prey to be eaten - it's all too much to just lie there and take.

"Stay still for me then, bunny," Wilbur says, but at the same time, as if he doesn't trust Dream to be able to do that, he lifts a knee to plant it on top of Dream's thigh, pinning him down. Pulling one side of his bottom lip between his teeth, he takes two handfuls of the fabric around his crotch and pulls the bodysuit apart roughly, the flimsy cloth tearing easily.

The shreds of that pretty costume fall aside; left behind is Dream's huge cock, flushed almost purple-red and straining from underneath the fishnets holding it down. The thin lines of the net press into that sensitive head, leaving little, grid-shaped dents in the smooth surface. The tights hold it all snug against his body like a cage.

Wilbur's hands rub over this, and those little lines shift half-painfully half-desperately-pleasurably across his cock. Then, he hooks an index finger in one of those little holes, pulling it back and upwards away from the skin. Almost like it senses freedom, his dick springs upwards with it, pushing towards Wilbur.

Then there's a sharp, elastic snap as Wilbur lets go and the fishnets snap back into place, drawing a sharp yelp from Dream.

“I’m- Wilbur, can you please-” Dream begs, not really sure exactly what he’s begging for. It just feels right to beg; it feels right to stare up at him with his eyes wide and heart racing and let the word ‘please’ fall from his mouth like it’s the air he breathes out.

Wilbur shushes him with a finger pressed briefly to his lips. For a moment, he stands back a little and just looks at the meal spread out in front of him; bunny ear headband sitting askew in a mess of blonde hair, torn bodysuit pushed halfway up his chest, and that red, pulsing cock, trapped underneath nothing more than, essentially, netted elastic string.

He reaches down, spreads Dream’s thighs wide, and rips those fishnets apart, leaving the front intact enough to keep his dick caught underneath, but opening up a lewd, gaping hole that exposes much of his ass.

“Gonna fuck you, okay?” Wilbur asks. The lube on Dream’s bedside table is already in his hand, and when Dream nods and whines, he shifts him up slightly to gain easier access to his ass, before squirting it generously straight onto his fluttering hole. As one hand starts to work him open, the other swiftly undoes his own belt, stepping out of his pants as he comes to position himself above Dream. He doesn’t waste much time teasing Dream at this point, removing his fingers as soon as he feels him loosen around him, strained breath turning into quiet little moans. He sits back, pulling his top off, then leans in, mouth at Dream’s neck as he uses his hand to line his cock up with Dream’s entrance.

He slides in easily, going slow as he feels Dream clench and relax, clench and relax, cock still twitching against the fishnet tights. When he’s all the way in, he pauses to watch Dream’s eyes slowly open to look at him, pupils huge and dark. Wilbur thinks he could drown in them.

“You can move,” Dream breathes out, shifting slightly as if to test how well he can take it.

Wilbur smiles, satisfied. “I’m not gonna be gentle,” he warns. He grabs Dream’s wrists to pin them above his head with one hand, and waits as Dream blushes for a bit, timid under his gaze once again. Then, very suddenly, his eyes snap to lock with Wilbur’s sharply.

“Good.”

And fuck, if he wasn’t going to be gentle then, now there’s no fucking *chance* ; he growls low in his throat and pulls out, then snaps his hips into him hard enough to shift his entire body up the bed slightly. Then again just as hard, with barely a second between the thrusts. His other hand grabs onto Dream’s hips, gripping tight as he starts to fuck into him fast and punishing, watching Dream’s fingers flex and twitch and grab at nothing in the restraint of his hand holding those wrists together.

“Moan for me, pretty bunny,” Wilbur demands, and Dream doesn’t hesitate to open his mouth and let out a thousand sweet little sounds, high-pitched and unrestrained. The bare skin of Wilbur’s abs rub up against those fishnet coverings on Dream’s dick, pushing it into Dream’s tummy and making him feel giddy with the extra stimulation. It’s always almost uncomfortable, almost painful, but not quite; the elastic digs in almost too much, Wilbur’s hands grip onto him almost too tight, his hips slap against his ass and the back of thighs almost too violently.

It all adds up to perfection; it all adds up to overwhelming in the best, dirtiest way.

Most of all, it adds up to his prostate getting hit again and again until he’s whimpering uselessly with every thrust, and to his cock rutting up against Wilbur’s body with that added overstimulation of the fishnets rubbing it raw, and to his back arching off the bed and his toes curling and his thighs trembling as he comes.

And if the fishnets weren't ruined already from the way they'd been ripped just before, or from the way that Dream cums right through them to shoot pretty white ropes onto his entire stomach, they're totally done for a minute or so later, when Wilbur pulls out and his cum drips languidly out of Dream's hole to coat those little diamond-shaped webbing.

Dreamnoblade - Harness

Chapter Notes

Longest chapter yet! Once again, same deal with this being c!techno. Thym said that it was very fitting for rivalsduo to be the biggest tryhard pairing and use the most words and fuck in the most positions and I think you should all know that too. Additionally, for context, the dream team all live together because I think that is both cute and convenient. Otherwise, go on, take this food, eat it. Love you all for all the comments and kudos and bookmarks and everything so far, I really really appreciate it!

“I can see it, you know,” Techno mentions, not looking at Dream directly. When Dream turns to raise an eyebrow at him, knowing full well what he means, he sees the slightest grin teasing at Techno’s lips as he leans his head back against the couch, eyes on the ceiling. “The straps are peaking out from underneath your shirt. And that ring in the middle makes an outline stand out. It’s pretty obvious.”

Dream shifts, bringing his knees up to sit kind of curled up, body turned towards Techno. “And?”

“We didn’t even ask you to do that.”

Dream plays dumb, staring intently at Techno. He knows he can feel his eyes on him; knows he’s purposefully not turning to make eye contact, not out of shyness but out of that confident knowledge that *not* looking at Dream is as much an act of power as leering at him the way any of the other six would. “Do what?” he asks.

“You’re wearing a harness underneath that half-see-through white shirt of yours.” Techno laughs quietly, head still tipped back against the top of the couch. His hair is spread over the edge of it like a strawberry milk waterfall. “Even all the attention you’ve gotten so far isn’t enough, hm?”

“Maybe it isn’t.” Dream rises so that he’s kind of kneeling on the seat, leaning insistently into Techno’s field of vision. “Hey, it’s your turn today. Right?”

“Maybe it is,” Techno echos Dream’s response. Finally, *finally*, he lifts his head, smirking a little when his eyes lock onto Dream’s. A hand comes up to cup his jaw. “And even if it isn’t, you seem to want it to be, don’t you?”

Dream leans into his hand, nodding. “Been waiting for your day,” he admits. Not only had he never had a chance to mess around with Techno before, there’s something about him that has him desperately curious to see what he could do to him. After all, he could at least partly have expected the other few to agree to this whole thing. *Techno* being in on it had sent its own additional shiver down his spine the moment he had looked at Dream with those calm, casual eyes, then back at Sappnap outlining the stakes, and said ‘count me in’.

So that little shiver had only continued to jolt at his consciousness every time he remembered; it’s what made him tighten the straps of a harness around his chest when he heard that Techno was coming over to hang out, and it’s tickling at him right now as he sits with him on this couch, trying to calculate how far he could go in straight up asking for him to fuck him. “I really want you, honestly,” he says.

“Well you’re lucky it’s so hard to resist you then.” He squeezes Dream’s cheek between his thumb and the curve of his palm, then draws his hand back suddenly to place a light slap across his face.

Dream gasps, face flushing. *That* had come out of nowhere. “Do that again,” he whispers. “Harder.”

Techno does, this time with enough force and confidence to leave a hand-shaped red mark across his cheek for two seconds before it fades. He laughs at the obvious way that Dream’s pupils dilate from the hit. “You’re weird for wanting that,” he teases.

“You’re weird for doing it in the first place.” Dream swings his leg over to straddle across Techno’s lap, letting his ass rub against his thighs. Techno’s hands go instinctively to his waist, and he can feel the warmth of his touch through the loose fabric of the shirt he is wearing. “Well? What are you gonna do to me, Techno?”

His fingers travel over Dream’s back, feeling over the outlines of metal rings and leather straps underneath his clothes. “Are Sapnap and George home right now?”

“Sapnap is out.” Dream bites his lip, looking down the hallway behind them. “And George is probably still asleep right now. You.. are you planning on fucking me here?”

“Mmm,” Techno hums, unreadable. Dream thinks - hopes - that’s a yes. “What’s the likelihood of George waking up and seeing?”

“Low. And if he does, I don’t think he’ll mind.”

A short, half-incredulous laugh. “That’s- that’s good to know.”

Dream nods, whines, grinds forward. “Yeah, so you can go ahead. Do whatever you want to me, out here in our living room, come on.”

Techno doesn’t hesitate. Hands still feeling over the contours of his harness against his back, he leans in and takes the top buttonhole of his shirt between his teeth, tugging until the button pops free smoothly. The next two receive the same treatment, then, seeming to grow impatient, he undoes the rest with his hands as his mouth roams over the newly exposed skin, placing a few little kisses between each and every gap sectioned off by the straps of the harness.

The shirt falls to the ground behind Dream, and he leans back slightly to provide a show. He watches as Techno takes in the sight of him, eyes tracing over his chest and abs and then widening as he sees the second set of straps sitting around his waist, two lines leading downwards and disappearing into the low waistband of his jeans.

Dream grins. “Interested in where that goes?” he asks, lifting his hips invitingly.

“You’re a whore,” Techno says, like the unquestionable fact it is. Dream doesn’t deny it, only taking Techno’s hand and guiding it towards his crotch. Belt buckle and button and zipper are undone quickly, and his pants and boxers come down to reveal leather garters that cut slightly into the muscle of his thighs.

And just like that, all of a sudden, Dream is sitting in Techno’s lap, completely naked except for a matching set of chest harness and garters pulled tight across his skin, with his cock standing heavy and flushed between them among all of that leather.

Techno swears quietly under his breath, hands running over his thighs and waist in reverence. “Dream,” he says lowly, like that encapsulates all that he can’t put into words.

“Um. I- I got ready as well,” Dream admits, spreading his legs a little more. He braces one hand on Techno’s shoulder, and reaches behind him with the other, biting down on his lip in concentration before he produces a shiny silver plug that gleams a little with lube. He holds it up in front of Techno with a grin, like he’s proud of himself for being so prepared to have sex with him. Techno takes it, looking it over with a little curiosity, before setting it down beside them.

“I gotta say, that’s just another whore move on your part. You’re not making a very good case for not thriving off of being our little fucktoy, Dream.” His hands knead at his ass, before nimble fingers are poking gently at his hole, finding that it sucks him in easily. He fucks his fingers in and out of it a few times. Even though it isn’t really necessary to open him up, it’s just nice to feel the way that he takes it, all slick and tight around him.

“Don’t care, that doesn’t bother me,” Dream says. He grinds his hips down against his hand impatiently. “Get your dick in me now, Tech.”

“Thought you’d never ask,” Techno drawls sarcastically. He brings his cock out to stroke at it languidly a few times, leaning back and watching Dream sit there all pretty, waiting for him. When he starts to squirm, he mutters “stay still”, then lifts Dream’s hips upwards a little to position himself with the tip only just pushing into him.

For a moment, he just keeps him held there like that, feeling Dream clench uselessly around that head. Then, he tilts his head to the side, and asks, “Ready?”

“ Yes , always have been,” Dream urges.

With little more warning, Techno drops him, removing the hands keeping him up in one quick movement to impale him on his dick. He leans back again, arms pillowed behind his head casually, as if there isn’t an entire six-foot-something man on his cock right now. A satisfied smirk rests easily on his face. “Good. Now ride.”

“ *Fuck*, ” Dream breathes out, and then he fucking *rides* . He plants his hands behind him on Techno’s knees for support, rolls his eyes back, arches his back, and rides, lifting himself up and dropping back down with more and more force each time. His mouth opens and the breathy halves of words flow out - curses and praise and Techno’s name, none of them articulated fully enough to make sense. The whole time, that hard, leaking cock bounces against his tensed abs.

“You’re doing well,” Techno says. The only indication that he’s even affected by all this is the blush spreading across his cheeks - the rest of his body is held perfectly still and relaxed, voice even as he praises him. It makes Dream feel pathetic in the best possible way; he’s the one fucking himself silly on Techno’s dick, barely able to breathe with how good it feels to ride him, while Techno just sits and watches him.

And then he doesn’t. Just as suddenly as he had dropped him down and asked him to ride, he grabs his hips again, stopping him. “Get on your knees for me,” he instructs, moving him carefully off himself. As Dream nods and gets into position on top of the cushions, resting his chin on his arms on top of the back of the couch, Techno rids himself of his pants fully, getting up to stand behind Dream.

He sinks into him again from behind this time like he’s already grown practiced at fucking Dream since ten minutes ago when he’d first started. As Dream moans at the feeling of being filled again after that brief interlude, Techno hooks two fingers into the big metal ring of the harness on his back, grabs Dream’s waist with the other hand, and snaps his hips forward, forceful enough to make his entire body bounce upon the couch.

“Holy shit, Techno,” Dream groans, arching his back. The way that Techno is using the harness to brace himself as he fucks him means that he’s being lifted upwards, weight half-suspended in mid air. His body jolts forward with every thrust, and the edges of the leather straps cut into his skin in a way that he knows will leave angry red marks when he takes it off.

Dream can hear Techno’s breathing getting louder and increasingly uneven, interrupted by low, quiet moans, and the hand on his waist moves down slightly to wrap around Dream’s cock, jerking in rhythm to the sharp thrusting of his hips.

“M-make me cum,” Dream gasps out, unable to do much else than ask. He’s getting close, the stretch in his ass and those rough hands on his cock making his head spin.

“Am-” Techno gives a particularly hard thrust as he speaks- “Am kind of trying to do that. If you can’t tell.”

If he wasn’t getting so thoroughly railed Dream thinks he might have laughed at that. Instead, he moans out, “ *Please,* ” and then, “Yes, yeah, fuck, I am, I’m getting- getting close.”

“Me too,” Techno says, and Dream can *tell* , from the desperate, erratic way that he’s now fucking him. Even with Techno’s tight hold on the harness keeping him mostly unable to move, Dream manages to fuck himself backwards, meeting Techno’s hips in the middle. Techno moans loudly now, voice shaky as he speaks; “Cum- you can cu- Dream... I’m going to-”

“Inside me,” Dream says, like a plea and a demand and question all in one. Either way, the answer to it is yes; it takes three more deep pumps of his cock and Dream feels him spill out and fill his hole, which squeezes and makes dirty, wet sounds around Techno’s cock as Dream comes as well, slumping down against the harness’ straps that are still holding him up.

Then, that too falls. Techno collapses on top of him, breathing hard as he buries his nose into sweaty blond hair. Their hands bump against each other as they both work to undo the harness, slipping it off before they both fall onto the couch, spent.

“Thank you,” Dream says, for no reason in particular. Techno only nods, a genuine smile on his face.

As they lie there, breath slowly evening out, soft lips brush over reddened skin rubbed raw from leather straps, and Dream’s fingers knit between the strands of Techno’s hair, stroking.

Dreamnap - Thighs

Chapter Notes

Disappeared for two days but now I'm back! It is 7am and I haven't slept but I just want to say, the attention that this whole thing has gotten so far is just insane, it essentially overtook all my other fics within like a week and I'm so so extremely grateful for all of you that are following along on this horny fucking journey. Please enjoy this absolute tribute to Sapnap's thick, sexy thighs, and let me know what you think of it :D

Dream stretches himself out on Sapnap's bed, yawning as he scrolls through Reddit on his phone. His head is hanging off the edge slightly so that he's looking at everything upside down, and his T-shirt rides up to expose the strip of skin around his abs. At the desk beside him, Sapnap is playing Valorant by himself relatively casually, exchanging tidbits of how he's doing in game with Dream's descriptions of some of the more interesting memes and posts he comes across. Every now and then Dream steals a glance over towards him, and wonders whether in the moments where his eyes are focused on his phone, Sapnap does the same to him.

It's comfortable and normal and what they do all the time but also - call it a force of habit from the last five days - Dream finds himself arching his back when he stretches specifically to expose more and more of his skin, and pitching his voice perhaps slightly breathier, slightly softer than usual when he speaks.

When another yawn trails off into a high-pitched little moan at the end, Sapnap whips his head around, frowning at him skeptically. "Dude what the hell, I get it, just wait until I finish the game okay?"

"What?" Dream asks, somehow sounding genuinely surprised.

"What do you mean, *what*," Sapnap scoffs. He gestures at Dream's body in general, eyebrow raised. "You tell me what all this is, then."

Dream smiles sheepishly. "Just uh- just stretching?"

"Yeah, stretching your ass out in preparation to get fucked, maybe," Sapnap says. Before Dream can point out that that would look very different from his current position, he continues, "Look, just stop acting all slutty behind me, I'll get to you soon."

"I'm not-"

"Shut *up*, Dream, you aren't fooling anyone." Sapnap rolls his eyes and smiles wryly. Suddenly, his voice drops into a lower, smoother register, and he leans over the back of his chair slightly to make eye contact with him. "Listen, be a good boy and wait for me, okay Dream?"

Dream's protest dies on his tongue, face flushing. He nods. "Yes, daddy," he says, the title slipping out of his mouth before he can think about it. He sits up quickly, shaking his head, and blushes even harder. "I- I mean- wait-"

Sapnap laughs. “Oh, you want to call me *daddy* ?” His eyes are back on the game, but his head is tilted slightly to show that he’s listening to him.

Dream watches the back of his head, cheeks burning, but then relaxes a little, shifting to sit slightly kneeling and taking a pillow to hug it to his chest. “I guess,” he says, voice trailing off quietly at the end.

“Good, I like that.” From behind Sapnap and slightly to his side, Dream sees him nibble on his lip in concentration. He lands a particularly risky kill, and Dream watches as he tilts his head back, cracking his neck in focused triumph. It’s-

Ah. Holy shit, it’s hot.

Dream whines softly, and the pillow drops to rest on the bed in front of him between his legs. With a low, breathy sound held somewhere in his throat, he rubs himself up against it, bunching it up with his hands to provide almost enough of a solid surface for it to feel good. It’s impossible to get much friction from just a pillow, but it’s *touch* , and, knowing that Sapnap is too focused to turn around and look at him, he presses his dick between the pillow and his stomach, grinding back and forth with his eyes on Sapnap’s back the entire time.

He doesn’t really notice the little pants and whines coming out of his own mouth until he sees Sapnap shifting in his seat, crossing and re-crossing his legs. When he realises the effect he’s had on Sapnap, he involuntarily lets out a whimper loud enough that he surprises himself, slapping a hand over his mouth to try to silence it. His hips still stutter against the pillow, loath to give up even that minimal stimulation.

“Dream,” Sapnap mutters lowly, still not turning around, “what are you doing?”

Dream doesn’t take the hand off his mouth, instead humming a wordless sound that approximately means ‘no, won’t tell you’. Keeping careful watch of Sapnap, he pulls down the waistband of his sweatpants enough to expose the flushed head of his cock, muffling a gasp between his fingers when the sensitive skin makes direct contact with the soft fabric of the pillow. It’s still not enough to make any progress at building up to an orgasm; instead, the little motions as he rubs that exposed cockhead against the pillow serve to keep a constant level of arousal simmering inside him, not letting him forget the little jolt of desperation that he’d felt the moment Sapnap had asked him to be good.

He’s absolutely not being good right now. His thoughts go to the possibility of Sapnap - *daddy* , his mind unhelpfully supplies - being disappointed in him, *punishing* him, and rather than stopping, he chances at taking his hand away from his mouth, letting out a thin, needy whine as he humps the pillow harder.

“I asked a question.” Sapnap’s voice is low and even. He bites his lip and gets two kills in a row, resulting in the victory screen finally showing up. For a moment, he takes his hands off the keyboard and mouse and just sits there looking at the screen, waiting for Dream to answer.

Dream stares at him, ruts against that pillow some more, and doesn’t.

“I’ll give you three seconds,” Sapnap says. He leans back in his seat, raises one hand above his head with three fingers held up, and begins to count. “Three, two, o-”

“Wait! I- I’m sorry, I’m rubbing myself on your pillow, I’m sorry, please- please don’t be mad,” Dream blurts out, all in one go. Only once he’s revealed this do his hips stop moving, shame finally winning out over his desperation for any sort of friction. He hangs his head, chewing on his bottom

lip nervously as his cock, still exposed, lies slightly sadly on top of that pillow.

Sapnap huffs with a sort of contempt and pity. “That desperate, are you?” he asks. Dream whines out the words ‘yes, daddy’ again, and only at that point does Sapnap decide that’s enough of an answer.

He finally spins around in his chair, all of a sudden coming face to face with with his roommate and childhood friend and (bet-assigned) (not to mention shared with six other friends) personal whore with his pants pulled haphazardly down, blush blooming across freckled cheeks, drooling precum onto his pillow held between his legs.

“Dude that’s *gross*, I sleep on that,” Sapnap protests, but it doesn’t seem like he minds, what with the awestruck way that he’s getting up and walking towards him to use one hand to tip his face up to look at him, staring down into darkened, pleading eyes. “Does this dumb puppy want something better to grind on?”

“Yeah,” Dream breathes, “Yes please.”

Sapnap sits down on the edge of the bed beside him, and pats his own lap in an invitation. “Take those pants off for me, and come sit,” he says, reaching out to guide Dream by the waist until he’s settled straddling over his left thigh, tipped forward slightly so that his chest presses against Sapnap’s and his dick is trapped between the top of his thigh and both of their stomachs.

Sapnap puts a hand in Dream’s hair, petting. “Go on, ride my thigh,” he urges, continuing to card his fingers through Dream’s hair comfortably as Dream starts to roll his hips, the base of his dick rubbing against the hard muscle of Sapnap’s thigh while the head bounces against his tummy. Whining, he pulls at the fabric of Sapnap’s hoodie, demanding bare skin to touch and rut up against, and Sapnap smiles kind of affectionately as he indulges him, leaning back slightly to pull the clothes off before quickly returning one hand to Dream’s head, the other holding his waist and feeling the rhythm with which he’s moving.

“N-not enough,” Dream whimpers, burying his face in Sapnap’s shoulder. Instinctively, he bites into his shoulder in frustration, leaving light teeth marks. “Need more, daddy.”

“Need what?” He pulls Dream’s head back gently to look at him, holding him in place so that he has to make eye contact.

Dream whines pitifully, grinding down on him as he speaks. “I- I like your thighs. But I want to cum, this isn’t enough, I need- *please* ?”

Sapnap laughs at him, slapping him across the ass just to watch him squirm. “Such a dumb fucking puppy, aren’t you? Don’t even know how to get off.”

Dream looks like he’s on the verge of tears. “I don’t, please help me, Sap- *daddy*, please?”

“Mhm.” Sapnap pushes at Dream’s chest until he gets the message and reluctantly gets off his lap, settling on his knees in the middle of the bed with his hands clasped docilely behind his back. His dick peeks out from underneath the folds of his shirt now hanging slightly over it; Sapnap motions at him to take the T-shirt off, and he does, leaving him entirely unclothed. Sapnap does the same with his shorts, grabbing a bottle of lube and then getting onto the bed to kneel across from him, both of them naked.

“You’re going to fuck my thighs, okay?” Sapnap says, opening the bottle to spread lube over Dream’s cock. He smirks when Dream gasps, likely both as a reaction to the instruction and to the

cool, slick feeling of Sapnap's hand on his dick. Squeezing a little more lube onto his hand, Sapnap opens his legs a little and spreads it over the highest part of his inner thighs. Dream watches the muscles tense and shift as he does this, and shivers a little in anticipation.

"Can I?" Dream asks, and Sapnap nods, moving forward a bit so that their bodies are pressed flush against each other. Carefully, Dream inserts his cock into the tight, lubed up gap between Sapnap's thighs, pushing all the way through until they're pressed as close as possible and Sapnap's dick is trapped between their bodies, pulsing. "Fuck- that- that feels good, daddy, really good."

"Good job," Sapnap praises. He wraps his arms around Dream's waist, holding him close. "You can move now, fuck my thighs for me, make yourself feel good okay?"

Dream whimpers loudly and nods, hips instantly starting to thrust forward, sliding in and out of that hole created by Sapnap's thighs. Almost immediately he becomes a complete mess, choked sobs shaking through his body as he holds Sapnap's hips and fucks like he doesn't have control over his own body. With each thrust he brings Sapnap towards him as well, and Sapnap's cock bounces between their bodies, rubbing up against Dream's abs.

Sapnap doesn't fare much better at keeping his composure. His cocky attitude quickly erodes with the feeling of *Dream*, in so many ways - Dream's hard, flat stomach slapping against his dick whenever they press their bodies together, Dream's dick all hot and desperate between his thighs, and the smell of Dream's hair, sweaty and slightly comforting among all the overwhelming feelings. He squeezes his thighs together tighter and hears the way Dream's moans crack and get ever louder, ever more urgent.

"Gonna- am I- am I allowed to cum?" Dream gasps, voice shaking with need.

"Wait," Sapnap says, wrapping a hand around himself and jerking rapidly at the tip until, within moments, he's there, close enough that the way that his dick keeps rubbing against Dream would be more than enough to make him explode. "Okay, okay Dream, fuck, just- just cum for me, fuck yourself into daddy's thighs until you cum, baby, puppy, *Dream*."

And like that the simple word "*fuck*" comes out of Dream's mouth half-breath half-cry, and Sapnap feels hot white spill out between his thighs and that slickness getting suddenly much slicker, and he's twitching and cumming between them as well with nothing but those little feelings combined to tip him over the edge.

And with a sloppy mess of lube and cum between his thighs and not much better between their bodies, Sapnap places a chaste little peck on Dream's cheek, and hugs him close like he'd missed his touch for weeks.

Dreamnoblade - Suit

Chapter Notes

GUESS WHO'S BACK, MOTHERFUCKERS? I'm so extremely sorry for disappearing on y'all for like, three entire weeks, I was being fucked in the ass by assignments even harder than Dream will ever get fucked in this whole fic. But fear not: I am committed, and we WILL be getting to that 15th prompt even if it takes a while. I'm /hoping/ for something like weekly updates now because I don't want to just entirely neglect all my other projects, but that's subject to change.

Anyway, did anyone else miss dom!dream? Because I honestly kind of did, and I, for one, am glad he's back for today. And yeah, surprise! It's not Quackity, as you all might have expected, Techno was impatient for seconds . All this said, have fun with this, and enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Put on something nice, I’m taking you out,” Techno says through the phone, as soon as Dream picks up his call. “I’ll come get you in like, half an hour, okay?”

“Wha-?”

“Like, wear a suit or something, bro, I don’t know. I know it’s too late for the first time but I figured you should be treated to a fancy date or something before we fuck for the second time.”

Dream laughs softly, and a little breathlessly. “That’s sentimental of you.”

“Yeah, as if you wouldn’t be just as much of a sentimentalist.” Techno is glad Dream can’t see the way he’s smiling; hopes partly that he can’t hear it in his voice, partly that he can. “What do you say then?”

“Yes.” Dream giggles a bit, already getting up to look through his wardrobe. “Yes, Techno, I will go out with you.”

“Good.” Techno hangs up the phone suddenly, then curses under his breath, quickly opening discord to send:

I panicked and hung up sorry

half an hour, okay???

see you then.

Dream shakes his head fondly, even as he bounces on the balls of his feet with excitement.

yeah, of course

Dream only really owns one suit, and he locates it relatively easily due to how recently he’d last used it to set Twitter on fire. He puts it on and spends the rest of the time waiting for Techno, alternating between pacing the room with a coin spinning between his fingers and standing in front

of the mirror, torn between thinking he looks extremely hot and the butterflies beating in his stomach telling him that he has to impress Techno. He's strangely nervous, despite the fact that it's already a given that he wants him, *likes* him even - why else would he be back so soon, before Quackity even got *his* turn? Why would he be asking him on a *date* , not just showing up and-

The doorbell rings.

Dream all but scrambles to get there, shoving that MCC coin into his pocket and last-minute running his fingers through his hair before he arrives at the door, taking a deep breath before opening it.

"Hello," Techno says.

Dream's jaw drops to the floor. "Holy *shit* ," he replies.

Techno is dressed just as nicely, if not more so, than Dream, and it's something he's literally never seen before in his life. His eyes widen as he takes in the sight of him: standing in his doorway with a single rose in his hand, pristine dark-grey suit jacket buttoned in the middle to emphasise his slim waist, long pink hair tied back into a half-up half-down style, and the top button of his shirt undone to leave a gap under a slightly loosened tie.

Techno holds the flower out to Dream, and he opens his mouth to speak, but before he can get half a word out Dream grabs that tie, pulling the other man towards him.

"Techno... I changed my mind," he says, voice low and gravelly. Their chests are all of a sudden pressed together, and Dream wouldn't be surprised if Techno could feel his heart beating through his own ribcage. "I don't want you to take me out on a date anymore."

"What- bro, I was looking forward to it though?" Techno says. His voice sounds slightly (if ironically) disappointed, but his expression is instantly hungry, like he already knows exactly what Dream is getting at.

"I don't care." Abruptly, Dream tugs on the tie a little harder, and Techno gasps, losing his balance and stumbling to lean into Dream. "Or at least, I don't want you to take me out *before* the second time we do it."

"Why- why is that?" He looks up at Dream with eyes wide and expectant.

"Because we're doing the second time *now* , that's why." He grabs Techno's wrist, leading him down the hall to his room. Techno gestures around a little awkwardly with the rose in his other hand, but then discards it on a table they pass when it becomes evident enough that while it had probably played a part in seducing Dream so instantly, Dream is now entirely fixated on him instead.

Techno is shoved onto Dream's bed, the blond instantly coming to hover above him, a hand cupping his jaw.

They meet instantly in something like the spark of lightning and the glowing, slow-flowing heat of lava, in tongues tangling infinitely softly and low, smooth moans. It feels like Dream's entire body is alight with an urgent, aching, spreading desire, and every movement has him pressing down closer to Techno, as if they could meld together into one if he tried hard enough. As if he'd only feel complete if he could touch all of him at once, all of the time.

"I didn't think I'd get *this* sort of a reaction," Techno says when they break apart, a light giggle escaping kiss-swollen lips.

“Are you *kidding* me? You look fucking- god- you look so good in a suit, Techno.” Dream tugs his tie slightly further undone and presses his lips against Techno’s collarbone, kissing across the exposed skin and up his neck. Techno’s breath stutters when he nips at his pulse, and Dream laughs low in his chest, his tongue coming out to lick against the skin.

“You do too.” Techno’s voice is breathy and uneven, so different from his usual unaffected tone. “I thought you’d be able to be patient, but honestly, if you were, I don’t think I could have been... would have had to cut the date short of something, would have had to take you in a bathroom stall or the car on the way there-”

Dream growls, grinding his hips against Techno’s leg at the thought. “I’m gonna make you come still wearing all of this so I can appreciate it properly,” he announces, decisively. “Would be a fucking shame to rip it off you at this point.”

Techno whines. That- he wasn’t expecting to find that hot, but god, it is. It’s vulgar and impatient and desperately horny, and he finds himself bucking up against Dream’s body at the thought. “How- how do you plan on doing that, Dream?”

There’s a pause, before Dream visibly licks his lips, and swallows. A grin spreads across his face, eyes sparkling. “You know the funny number?”

“Dream...”

“You wanna give that a try?”

“Bruh.” Techno gulps, and Dream watches his adam’s apple bob up and down with the movement. Underneath him, Techno’s gaze drags down his body, taking in the full sight of him in the already thoroughly dishevelled suit. He nods. “Okay. Yeah, let’s try that.”

“Good. Good boy,” Dream says, sitting back on his heels. One of his hands presses casually against Techno’s crotch, wrapped around the hardened outline in his pants. The other undoes his own belt with a snap, pulling the front of his pants down just enough to get his dick out. “You ready? Two taps on the thigh if you need a break, okay?”

“Yessir,” Techno says, half jokingly and half with the kind of wide-eyed obedience of incoming subspace. The vague thought that this confirms literally all of Dream’s friends - himself included - are switches crosses Dream’s mind, before he’s swinging his leg over, shifting to turn around on the bed until he’s positioned with his ass hovering over Techno’s face, his own elbows braced on either side of Techno’s hips. Leaning to one side, he strokes his hand over Techno’s bulge, feeling the way it twitches and strains against the tight material of his dress pants. Before he takes anything off, he pauses.

“Put my dick in your mouth now,” he orders softly, “and don’t do anything until I say you can, just leave it- oh, *fuck* Techno- just leave it in there.” He sucks in a shaky breath, already overwhelmed; Techno hadn’t even waited for him to finish the instruction before he wrapped his hand around him and guided almost his entire length into his mouth, throat now squeezing unevenly around the tip.

There is a muffled “mhm”, as if it wasn’t already abundantly clear that he had done as asked. Using all his willpower to not fuck into Techno’s mouth instantly, he undoes Techno’s pants, pulling his flushed, rock-hard cock out to lick at it with his mouth wide open and tongue pressed flat against it. Saliva drips off the tip of his tongue and rolls down the shaft to pool at the base.

“I’m going to fuck your mouth while I suck you off, three taps if you’re ready?” Dream asks, tongue returning to lick around Techno’s dick as he waits for an answer. He feels Techno’s throat

spasm around his dick as he lets out what sounds like a sharp gasp, and then three clear taps are felt through the slightly scratchy cloth of his suit. Dream smiles, laughing lightly against the cock resting on his tongue. "Good boy," he murmurs.

Techno's dick isn't exactly an easy fit in his mouth: thinking back on all the other guys, he most likely has them all beat in length, and the girth is nothing to scoff at either. But that only makes it feel better when he wraps his lips around the head, plants both of his elbows square on the bedsheets on either side of his hips, and slides all the way down in one smooth movement, bottoming out with his bottom lip pressed all the way down onto the flat of his crotch.

He can only move his head from here: his arms are trapped in place keeping him up, and apart from the slow, shallow movements he's thrusting into Techno's mouth with, he can't move the bottom of his body without destroying what's happening down there. His tie, half undone, hangs loosely between their bodies, and he feels the fabric shift slightly when he moves his head up to swirl his tongue around the top of Techno's dick.

All in all, it's just so vastly *different* from any other situation; hardly any of their skin is bare, their expensive suits press against each other's nicely ironed shirts, and neither of them can speak or even look at each other. All Dream has is the salty taste of precum beginning to coat the back of his throat, the hot wetness of Techno's mouth as he fucks into it with more and more confidence, and the rhythmic movement of his head, up and down the length of Techno's cock, his tongue lapping at the top every time he lifts himself up before his mouth glides back down again.

With no other way to really gauge Techno's reactions, all he has is his sounds: the muffled whimpers and moans that *sound* unmistakably like they're coming from a mouth stuffed full of cock, the slight choking whenever Dream thrusts particularly hard, the high-pitched whines from deep within his throat when Dream fully hollows his cheeks out and *sucks*, quickening the pace.

He knows Techno's getting close - not with enough accuracy that he'd be able to know exactly when it's going to happen, but it's getting there, and he knows he's almost there too himself, fucking Techno's mouth almost carelessly like it's nothing but a masturbation toy. It's easier to treat him as just that when he can barely see any of him, apart from his thighs framing either side of his head like blinkers on a showhorse.

Techno ruts up into his mouth, moaning openly around Dream's dick, and Dream feels both like he's utterly lost control of the situation, carried off on a wave of sucking and sucking and *being* sucked, but at the same time, like he has total control over Techno, has him absolutely pinned down and wrecked beneath him.

Both are true. Techno's hands grapple uselessly against the smooth fabric of Dream's shirt, and his hips rise to meet every bob of his head. The stream of moans and muffled, choked noises pauses all of a sudden, words trying - but mostly failing - to make their way past Dream's thick cock stuffed down his throat. Something about the way he's struggling makes Dream fuck even harder, heat building and coiling in his gut, ready.

At the last possible moment, Techno grabs Dream's hips, lifting them up so that Dream's cock slips out. "Coming," he gasps out, finally free to speak, and Dream's cock bounces back down obscenely onto his face. With that, Dream is gone too, eyes closing in bliss as hot, salty cum floods his mouth and he also cums all over Techno's open mouth and face, pretty white streaks dripping over his tongue and lips and cheeks, some of it catching on his eyelashes like snowflakes.

Dream swallows every drop of what Techno had released in his mouth, and then rolls over slightly stiffly to lie beside Techno. A hand comes to wipe a drop of cum off his cheekbone, staring in awe of the way Techno looks with his mess all over his face. Then, he laughs a little bashfully. "So... I

assume we'll need to clean up a bit before we go on that date, hm?"

Chapter End Notes

(Please, someone tell me you noticed the lore reference- I wrote that bit right after the lore streams and then assignments happened as you know so now it's barely topical anymore but I still think it's kind of cool)

Karlwastaken - Lace

Chapter Notes

Let's not talk about exactly how long it's been since the last update ^_^ This is a really really long chapter so take that as compensation. Dream called himself a whore on a twitter and I was reawoken from a deep writing slumber to prove it so hello! It's good to be back! I have a good chonking meal for you all today so let's get right into it, aye?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Okay, listen up, Dream.” Karl crosses his legs in the desk chair that he’d previously been spinning around aimlessly in, leaning towards Dream with a mischievous smile. “Have you ever worn anything made of lace before?”

Dream’s head snaps up almost instantly from his phone. You’d think he would get used to this by now, after it’s been an entire week, but his heart is racing even before he can process what Karl has just said. “Do I *look* like I’ve worn anything like that before? Karl, I dress in hoodies and sweatpants like 99% of the time. What the hell do you *think* the answer to that is.”

Karl giggles, light and high-pitched. “Well...” Karl lets the word trail off with a knowing look and a wide grin. “How about we change that today, hm?”

Dream swallows nervously and looks down at himself as if he doesn’t think delicate lace would look quite right on the lightly freckled and sparsely tattooed skin beneath his clothes. He nods. “Yeah,” he says, voice brightening as he looks back up to meet Karl’s eyes, “Yeah. Let’s do it.”

So Karl’s bag of stuff that he’d mysteriously brought over gets opened, and there’s a thick lace ribbon and a thinner little choker and stockings that look like they’d come up to the middle of his thighs and... Dream cocks his head in question.

“Garters, babe.” He holds the last item of clothing up for Dream to see. The soft, late-afternoon light streaming in from the window behind Dream casts lace-patterned shadows across Karl’s face. “You’ll need help getting them on, won’t you?”

“I- I mean I can *try* by myself,” Dream says. His fingers twitch by his side slightly - he wants to reach out and touch the fabric, try it on, feel it against his skin. He wants to look good for Karl; he wants to create a pretty little surprise out of his own body just so he can see the look on Karl’s face when he sees him all dressed up, just for him. He nods. “I can do it, I think, it can’t be *that* hard, right?”

Karl giggles again, and leans over to hand the bag of stuff to Dream. Their fingers brush together in the process, and Dream shivers lightly. Perhaps the very opposite of getting desensitised from all the sex every day has happened - perhaps he’s so used to it that any little touch feels electric. Karl smiles and spins back around in the chair so that he’s faced away from him. “Go on then,” he says, over his shoulder.

Dream gulps, staring at the fluffy brown curls and the small, casual set of Karl’s shoulder for a moment, and then takes his hoodie off in one swift movement.

The entire room is silent; Dream hears the soft rustling of his clothes as he removes it piece by piece until he's only in his boxers and feels goosebumps rising along his skin. It feels so tense that the air seems much too thick for him to speak into. He can hear Karl's breath if he listens closely, and wonders if that's because the silence is so total or because his breathing is quickened, heart picking up in anticipation. Maybe he's imagining how Dream looks right now; maybe he's listening intently for the slight difference in sound between that of normal cotton versus lace versus the clink of metal clasps. Maybe he's touching himself in little imperceptible movements as he waits, too subtle for Dream to see. The smallest of moans escapes Dream's mouth at the thought, a desperate little noise as if the tension between Karl's turned back and his naked body - unseen, but so very known - is actively pressing hard and heavy on his growing erection.

The choker is easy enough. Dream turns it in his hands for a moment, before reaching to loop it around his neck, clasping it carefully. The slightly-scratchy, slightly-soft feeling against his throat makes him gasp, and he watches Karl's back carefully for a reaction. He swears he sees him shudder, but it might easily have been his imagination.

Silky stockings are then pulled up his legs, thin enough that the slightest touch of his own fingers across his calves makes his dick jump a little. He doesn't know how something could feel *more* sensitive through fabric, but this sure does.

Next to the pretty black lace trim of the thigh highs, his plain grey boxers look stupid. He stands up and slides them off, watching his dick spring free all of a sudden, achingly hard and dusted light red already at the tip, shining wetly with precum. He wants to touch it - he feels like he's not allowed to, yet.

He doesn't.

God, he wants Karl to turn around and give him even the slightest amount of attention.

(God, he isn't ready for him to - he has to finish getting dressed for him, he's not done yet.)

He sits back down on the side of the bed and picks the garter belt up, lifting it to look it over curiously. There are four thin straps hanging down off it, while the bulk of the actual lacy belt part seems to clasp the same way that bras do. Dream has at least a working understanding of those, thankfully - he manages to close it around his waist in the front, before shifting it around until it sits comfortably around his waist. It creates a sort of frame around his crotch, and his dick seems all the more exposed standing so hard right in the middle. There's something obnoxious about it - he pulls his cock backwards towards his body and finds that the tip just reaches the top edge of the lace.

It leaves a little spot of wetness when he lets it bounce back down, untouched apart from that tiny moment of contact.

The straps in the front clasp semi-easily once he figures out the way they work: just sliding the soft lace between the round metal bits and snapping them closed does the trick quite satisfactorily. He admires the pretty black lines down his thighs for a moment, before reaching around to try to do the same to the clasps as the back.

And, ah. That's... a lot more difficult.

He stands up properly, twisting around to try and fit that metal clip onto the lace running across the back of his thighs, but it's difficult already and not being able to see properly doesn't help at all. Without really thinking, a frustrated whimper escapes his lips. He's so *close* to managing it all by himself, he can't fail like this, he has to do a good job for Karl-

“Dream?” Karl says, and Dream can’t help but whimper again, louder. “Dream, you done?”

“Wait- wait, almost, I promise, don’t-”

“Aww.” The chuckles Karl let out seem all the more condescending when they’re spoken to the blank wall in front of him. “Does Dreamie need some help?”

“No, I’m- I can do it!”

“Does little Dreamie not even know how to dress himself properly?” Dream can hear the mocking pout in Karl’s voice without having to see his face, can tell, without seeing, the exact way he has his head tilted slightly to the side like he’s talking to an overenthusiastic puppy that got itself stuck in something on accident. “Come on, baby, you know I can help you if you can’t do it yourself. You just have to ask.”

“Karl,” Dream whines. And gives up.

“Mhm?”

“Please.” He collapses back against the bed, watches his cock flop back onto his stomach. “I… I need help, Karl. Dress me, please.”

Karl laughs, loud and bright. “Of course, babe.”

Finally, *finally*, he spins back around. Dream’s eyes go instinctively to his crotch, sees the hard outline of Karl’s dick through his slacks, and almost actively drools. He stands up, turning around to present the the source of his troubles to him. “I can’t… I just can’t reach the straps in the back. Can you help? Please?”

Karl takes a hand and cups the swell of Dream’s ass with it, squeezing lightly. “Stay still,” he says, before dropping to his knees, running his hand down Dream’s inner thigh on his way to take hold of the elastic edge of the tights. Dream holds back a shiver, moaning high in his throat. As he stands there as still as he can, shaking at every tiny little touch, Karl attaches the straps in the back, tracing his fingertips down the length of those straps when he’s done.

“Now turn around for me,” Karl says, straightening up again. “Show me how you look in all this lace.”

Dream does so without thinking, turning so quickly that he gets shocked to see Karl face to face again. “H-hi,” he says, nervously, watching the way that Karl takes in his entire body properly now that he’s got everything on.

“Pretty,” Karl says. Then, after another flick of his eyes up and down his body, resting finally on the cock twitching desperately in front of him, “Good boy.”

There is one more piece of lace in the bag that Dream didn’t know exactly what to do with. Karl picks it up now and brings it up to Dream’s face. Gently, he lays the thick band of lace across his eyes, reaching around his head to tie it in a nice ribbon behind him. Dream instinctively closes his eyes as he does this, and he finds that when Karl pulls away and he tries to open them, the blindfold is tied tight enough that he can’t.

“Can you see?” Karl asks.

Dream shakes his head, a little wordless noise escaping his lips. “No,” he breathes, voice catching in his throat.

“Good.” Soft hands push against his chest, knocking him back until he’s seated on the edge of the bed. He feels fingers brushing against the side of his cock for a second, teasing up the length, and then they’re gone.

It is silent in the room again; Dream can hear his heart beat against his ribs and feels the same pulse in his dick, throbbing.

“Karl?” he asks, but Karl only shushes him. Unable to see, the sound of fabric rustling seems almost loud. A belt is undone and clatters to the wooden floor. Dream licks his lips and twists his hands together behind his back, wanting to reach out and touch but knowing without Karl telling him that he’s not *allowed* to.

He holds his breath, concentrates on the desperate pulsing of his own cock, waits.

The lube is cold when it drops onto him, with no hand following to touch or spread. All he gets is cold slickness that slides down his length agonisingly slow. Dream groans, bucking his hips upwards as if there was something there for him to fuck up into.

It’s only after half an excruciatingly long minute that Karl’s delicate hands follow, one braced on Dream’s hip to keep him still and the other wrapping around his dick, spreading the lube over it with torturously slow movements. The moment Dream stutters out a “please,” the hand is removed, and Dream almost screams through gritted teeth in frustration.

For another few seconds there is nothing. Dream whimpers openly, scared to beg again considering that seemed to produce the opposite of what he wanted. He can feel his dick twitching, utterly out of his control, and when he shifts slightly the lace garters around his waist rub against his skin in a way that makes him shiver and moan.

Then, all of a sudden, the mattress dips slightly to his left, and then the right, and *oh god there’s an entire man in his lap*.

Dream gasps, hands instinctively going to Karl’s waist, and Karl lets him hold him.

“Calm down,” Karl says, giggling obnoxiously, and then with barely any time for Dream to recover or process this, he’s guiding Dream’s flushed cock into his hole, sliding down it like the size doesn’t even occur to him.

“What the *fuck*,” Dream breathes, hands tightening around Karl’s body. A finger is pressed to his lips to shush him, and when he opens his mouth instinctively to suck on it, it tastes slightly sweet, slightly bitter of lube.

“It’s okay, love, don’t think too hard, I know it’s difficult for you,” Karl says. He removes that finger and hooks it under the lace of the choker, pulling roughly to bring Dream’s face closer to his and forcing him to sit up, straightening his back. Warm breath fans across Dream’s cheek and he gasps again, swallowing. Karl places a tiny, soft kiss at the corner of his lip, then says almost casually, “I’m just going to use you as a dildo, okay? You’re going to stay all good and still like this for me, dolled up all pretty in lace, and I’m going to ride you until I come.”

“I’m- what if I-” Dream bites his lip, face flushing deep red. His voice is small as he continues - “What if I can’t. Stay still. What if I come first.”

Karl laughs. It’s cruel - it’s bright yellow lemon-soft sunshine and it burns. “Instead don’t?” he says, and in one swift movement, plants his hands behind him on Dream’s knees for purchase, lifts his hips and slams them down again with a punched out moan.

Dream didn't expect mercy, and he does not get it.

Karl rides like he doesn't give a shit, to put it simply. He rides like Dream is worth less than nothing underneath him, like the possibility of getting physically tired doesn't exist for him, like he has the self control to keep going and going and going without taking a single fucking breath in between. Dream places his hands on Karl's thighs, closes blindfolded eyes even tighter, and wonders if this is the moment he would learn to pray. Nothing else would do this feeling justice.

Here is the thing: he can't fucking *see*. Lace shifts and scratches and soothes at his throat and his hips and his thighs, and he's half-scared that Karl is going to break his cock in half with how fast he's slamming down onto it, and half-scared that he's going to come at any moment. Karl is moaning in soft, rhythmic little gasps and whimpers; Dream squeezes his muscled thighs with hands that almost wrap around the entire top surface and holds his breath as if even breathing would be a horrifically rude interruption.

But then Karl stops, and starts again so slowly his thighs shake beneath Dream's hands with the effort. Dream can feel his own cock twitching inside Karl, can feel the way it tries to push against and into his body. All of the breath he felt like he had been holding rushes out at once.

"Karl, I want to- can I.. are you close?"

"Are *you* ?" Karl asks. His tone is mocking, but with the slower pace Dream feels safer to reach out and feel awkwardly down Karl's stomach to grab hold of his dick, rubbing his fingers over the slick wet tip and hearing the way it makes Karl take in a broken gasp.

"Yeah." Dream's voice is small - he hangs his head even though there is nowhere for him to look anyway.

"Well that sucks, doesn't it?" Karl lifts his hips and hovers there, hole squeezing around Dream's tip, hand reaching beneath his body to pull the elastic lace of Dream's thigh highs up far from his body and let it snap back against his thigh. "Your thigh is all red now," he informs Dream. "Just letting you know. Because you can't see, you know?"

Dream whines, hips rutting upwards. "Soon, please? Cum soon?"

"We'll see." He sinks down again, and his smaller hand wraps around Dream's on his own dick, guiding it up and down in a steady rhythm. "Keep touching me like this, okay?"

Dream nods. "Mhm! Yes, yes, I'll be good, I can do that," he babbles. Karl is moving again, not so fast this time, but steadily enough that it has them both moaning deeply the moment the feeling settles in.

"And-" Karl gasps, hips stuttering- "and when I come, you have to do it as well, at the same time, you have to do that for me, Dream."

"I will, I will," Dream promises. It is all so so *much* - it's the effort of trying to control himself to do exactly as Karl says, it's Karl's hole squeezing tight up and down his length, it's the darkness and the dirty, obscene sounds ringing out into it, and the lace tightening around his throat every moment he swallows.

Karl's thighs shake against his and he cries out, a gasp-sob-breath. "Dream," he says, bucking up into Dream's hand and squeezing tight tight *tight* around his dick. "Dream, now, it's happening, I'm gonna, Dream, fill me with your cum now *please*."

And it's a miracle Dream hadn't done so already. He lets go to grab Karl's hips and fuck him down

onto himself even harder as he convulses around his cock. At the very last moment, Karl feels clumsily over Dream's face and tears the blindfold off, like this had all been the journey to some sort of beautiful surprise and this moment is the reveal.

The sudden light is blinding when Dream cums, and as he fucks his way through the orgasm, his vision clears and focuses on Karl's face, twisted up in pleasure, and then on the pearly white cum spurting out to paint across his chest as he watches.

It is the first time Dream sees Karl naked today - with Dream's dick still buried deep in him, cum slickening those last, blissed out thrusts, and a huge, satisfied grin spreading across his smug, pretty face.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much for reading! I'm also gonna drop some socials and stuff since I haven't done that yet, check them out :)

[Twitter](#)

[MCYT AO3 Discord](#), not my own server but lots of authors and readers there!

Qream - Leather

Chapter Notes

We are back and horny as hell let's go!! This chapter has some pretty serious BDSM, so I just wanted to be very clear about warning you guys about that: flogging, some choking, and just general no-fucking-mercy sex occurs and if you're not comfortable with things getting that intense, by all means skip this chapter! This is PWP; the chronology really does not matter. On top of that, this is c!quackity not cc!quackity, which is kind of funny ngl and I like to think c!dream kinda came through a bit in this as well with how fucking mean he is. Have fun with this, and don't try this at home without the proper precautions :)

“Took *you* long enough,” Dream comments. He’s sitting next to the dining room table - you couldn’t say *at* the table because the chair is turned away from it and towards the entrance, Dream’s legs set wide and square in front of him. His arms are pillowed behind his head and he’s leaning back like an asshole, eyes trained on Quackity as he approaches. “What happened? Got shy? Second guessed yourself?”

Quackity stops in the doorway, shaking his head and looking away. “No, no no, nothing like that, no way, don’t worry.”

“Oh, sure,” Dream drawls. He stretches his arms out above his head, shirt lifting slightly to expose a sliver of skin, and then pats his left thigh. “Come and sit down then, will you?”

He watches, smirking, as Quackity hesitates, blush colouring his cheeks. It takes a little bit of flustered stuttering, before he seems to pull himself together, and blurts out, “hey, this isn’t about *you*, you’re the one that lost that bet, what the fuck man, why are you being like *this*?”

Dream shrugs. “You’re kinda cute,” he says.

“What- okay. Listen.” He takes the few steps across the room to stand in front of Dream, a mysterious little bag clutched tight in one hand and the other rubbing awkwardly around his other wrist. “Listen. I’ve got something I want to do with you.”

“Yeah. I noticed.”

“Shut *up*, Dream, let me finish, okay?” Dream watches, amused, as the smaller man takes a deep breath, eyes closing for a moment in the effort of getting this request out. “I brought a bunch of stuff. BDSM, yaknow? I want... I want you to do them to me?”

“*To* you, huh.” Dream leans back again, thinking. The boys have had him doing some semi-crazy stuff so far, but this feels like so much further still. Quackity is still looking so nervous he might fall over at any second - he figures he’s not quite ready to sit in his lap just yet, and gestures at a chair next to him. “Sit down here, then. What are you thinking, exactly?”

“It’s- just look at the stuff, you can decide how to use them, I’ll be okay,” Quackity starts, but Dream leans forward, shushing him with a finger pressed to his lips. Quackity gasps sharply but immediately quietens, eyes wide as he looks at him.

“I’m here to do whatever you want done, that’s the deal, but you have to actually let me know. For your safety as well, okay? And, like, it’s just kind of hot if you explain every dirty, degrading thing you want me to do to you, right?” He tilts his head as Quackity whimpers quietly, removing his finger as permission - instruction - to speak.

“Okay.” Quackity nods, slow and rhythmic with his eyes trained to the ground like he’s rocking himself. “I have a ball gag, and handcuffs, and a choker, and…” He stops, looking away again, but Dream has him pinned down with his eyes. There is nowhere for him to go, really.

“And what?” Dream asks. Big, strong hands wrap around Quackity’s smaller ones, forcing them to stop fidgeting.

“And a whip,” Quackity admits. The next bit is said in a whisper: “I want you to hurt me while you… you know.”

“While I fuck you.”

A deep breath; his shoulders tremble a little as he holds it in his chest. When his eyes meet Dream’s again, they are dark, dark pools of arousal. “Yeah. While you fuck me.”

“Good boy,” Dream murmurs. “Gonna fuck you on this table then, okay? But you’re going to have to earn it first.”

Quackity nods. “Mhm! I’ll- I’ll be good.”

Dream’s smile is obnoxiously self-satisfied as he picks up the choker. “Strip for me, baby,” he instructs, leaning back with his eyes roaming up and down his body like he’s trying to decide which part to mess with first.

“Yes, yes sir,” Quackity says. Slightly shaky fingers undo buttons and buckles and zips, dropping his clothes beside himself in a little pile. For a moment, he just stands there, buck naked, waiting for Dream to give him the next instruction.

Dream doesn’t. Instead, his eyes land very specifically on Quackity’s erection, staring openly at the way it fills out and twitches upwards just a little under his gaze.

“It’s so small,” Dream remarks with a laugh, and Quackity *cowers*, hands going to his crotch to cover himself. “Like, half the length of mine, do you think?”

“*Dream.*” It’s probably not far from the truth and he knows it.

“Hands behind your back,” Dream says. He stands up, walking up to him to wrap the choker around his neck gently and fasten it. When he steps back a little to admire the way he looks wearing only that, Quackity’s dick jumps, straining upwards like it’s trying to prove itself.

It only manages to look even more pathetic. Dream laughs again, cooing softly. His hand wraps around it, pulling twice roughly before leaving it alone again. When Quackity moves to try and catch his wrist and stop him from pulling away, he shakes his head.

“What did I say?”

Quackity’s eyes instantly lock with Dream’s, quivering with fear. “Sorry, hands behind my back,” he quickly recites. Obediently, he arranges himself back into that helpless, exposed position again, looking down at his little twitching cock with his face burning in shame.

“Good.” Dream walks behind him, this time with the handcuffs, carefully closing them around each of his wrists and binding them there. When Quackity tries to cover his body up this time, a short chain pulls taut and stops him.

Satisfied, Dream sits back down and beckons for him to come closer. He does so, mindlessly, easily, and Dream pushes him down onto his knees in between his spread legs.

“Pretty boy,” he says, fingers tracing the curve of his jawline, “do you think you can keep your balance on your knees with my cock in your little mouth?”

Quackity gasps sharply, and nods. “I can,” he says. “I’ll do good.”

“I’m sure you will.” Dream laughs, pulling down his sweatpants to bring his dick out, stroking leisurely before he guides it towards Quackity’s mouth, chuckling a little when he has to shuffle forward awkwardly on his knees to reach properly. When as much as Quackity can take has been shoved in, he leans over him, stroking big hands over his back. For a moment, his fingers tangle with Quackity’s bound hands in a way that is almost tender.

Then, he straightens up again, pushing Quackity’s head down a little further and hearing him gag. Twisting to look behind himself, he locates a spoon on the table leftover from *someone* not cleaning up after themselves, and presses it into Quackity’s hand. “Drop this on the ground if you need me to stop, okay?” he instructs.

Quackity manages to nod stiffly with Dream’s dick still stuffed down his throat, eyes wide looking up at Dream’s face to make it clear he’s communicating. It’s unreasonably hot.

“Good boy.” He stares down at him for a moment, eyebrow cocked. “What are you waiting for then? Suck my dick, slut. You quite literally asked for it.”

There’s a muffled sound of acknowledgement, and then Quackity’s head is bobbing up and down, a little awkwardly as he tries to keep his balance with his hands tied. When Dream tuts and instructs him to go faster, he whines, but attempts to comply, gagging a little at the way Dream’s cockhead presses again and again into the back of his throat. Dream’s fingers hook into the choker - more like a collar, really, especially when he’s kneeled in front of him like some sort of pet - and pulls.

Quackity lets out a muffled little yelp and falls over, Dream’s cock slipping out of his mouth and slapping wetly against his cheek as he tries to catch his balance with his face on Dream’s inner thigh. Dream laughs at him, pulling him back upright by his hair. It is not gentle.

“Aww, poor baby, you need me to do it for you?” he asks, and doesn’t wait for an answer. One hand moves to pry his mouth open roughly, while the other shoves his dick back in between those swollen, drooling lips. “Don’t worry, love, I’ll make sure you don’t fall over again.”

And then it’s probably only a matter of a couple minutes but it feels like an eternity of powerlessness and bliss and the pain of cold knees on the hard wooden floor. Dream pushes his head down into his crotch like his mouth is nothing but a fleshlight to fuck into, and pulls his head up to go again by nothing but the hair clutched in his fist. It hurts, everywhere - his scalp is burning and he thinks he might choke at any second and there are tears streaming down his face without pause and all he knows is to keep his teeth tucked in and not move, just take it. His pathetic little cock is so hard that just the feeling of precum wetting the tip and dripping down the length is stimulating enough to make him gasp.

Quackity’s mouth is salty with the taste of Dream’s precum when all of a sudden, Dream pulls his

head off his cock entirely, dragging his head backwards to stare up at Dream. He looks a fucking mess - tear tracks all down his cheeks, lips red and shiny, spit dripping down his chin in strings. When he opens his mouth to speak Dream shushes him before he can get a word out.

“You’re a lot better with something in your mouth keeping you from talking, I think,” he says, picking up the ball gag. “And you thought ahead for that too, anyway, didn’t you?”

“Mhm,” Quackity hums, careful not to speak out. He opens his mouth in anticipation, eyes trained on Dream’s as he pushes the ball inside his mouth and reaches around his head to fasten it in place. This accomplished, he pushes him backward all of a sudden, scooting back in the chair as well.

“Stand up,” Dream instructs, making no indication to help. When Quackity sways about a bit, awkwardly taking a knee and making it halfway there, he grabs him by the leather around his neck and pulls him up the rest of the way. “Okay, now bend yourself over this table for me.”

Quackity gets the muffled sound of a “yes sir” out around the gag, and lowers himself gingerly onto the table, the side of his face and his entire chest pressed against it without his arms to support his body.

For a moment, he just lies there, waiting - unable to turn around and look at Dream properly, with the restriction of movement from the handcuffs. After a few seconds he feels a slight tickle against his back, little strips of fabric moving over the bare skin all gentle. It feels strangely comforting compared to the previous roughness, but also electrifyingly terrifying.

It is the whip; and Dream seems far from afraid to use it.

Before he can think too hard about that, a hand is slapping down hard across his asscheek and then spreading it. “Came prepared?”

Quackity nods fervently, and ruts his cock up against the hard edge of the table as if that would prove the point somehow.

“Dirty fucking slut, that’s convenient at least,” Dream says. He takes his cock and slaps it against the other cheek, chuckling a little. “You’re gonna take me so well, aren’t you, baby? Gonna let me hurt you and fuck you so hard- gonna moan through that fucking gag for me like a whore.”

To punctuate the last word, he shoves his cock all the way into Quackity’s hole all at once, fast enough that it has to hurt. Quackity whines and almost bangs his chin on the table in shock.

Dream laughs, low in his chest. “Take it, bitch,” he growls, raising the whip and bringing it down across Quackity’s back. When Quackity yelps, he grabs his hips tight enough to bruise with the other hand and slams into him harder.

“You’ve still got your spoon if you need it,” Dream reminds him, voice suddenly gentle, before he fucks into him again, this time with the intention of building up a rhythm. Between every couple of thrusts, the whip cracks against Quackity’s back, leaving angry red marks that are tickled over with the same soft bits of leather that had created them.

It is very hard not to scream from how much it hurts. It is very hard not to scream from how good Dream’s cock in him feels. It is very hard to scream at all, through that gag prying his mouth open-but-useless, gaping, desperate, unspeaking.

“You’re a fucking mess,” Dream says, and it’s still in that gentle voice, but it’s so horribly mean, with the whip tracing the muscles of Quackity’s back as he tenses them uncontrollably from the all-too-much just-enough stimulation, arching up into the pain and rutting backwards into the

pleasure. Dream squeezes his ass one more time, before moving his hand down to cup Quackity's balls and begin to stroke over his dick. "Messy here, too, you're leaking all over the place. You really fucking like the way I whip you, hm?"

"Mmm!" Quackity grinds his cock against Dream's hand, desperately trying to create any sort of pressure. Dream isn't jacking it off properly - his hands only roam over it, squeezing a little, flicking the head, teasing precum across the shaft. Dream draws his arm back far and whips him harder than before, laughing at the way it makes Quackity's whole body jump and stutter and his hole squeeze tight tight *tight* around his dick.

"You're going to cum for me when I ask you to, okay?" Dream asks, thrusting a little slower as he waits for an answer. He can feel himself about to get to that point, head light on the power trip and that tight, hot feeling around his dick.

Quackity nods, bucking up into Dream's hand; the action is accompanied by unintelligible words, muffled by the gag and pathetically wet-sounding from the pool of saliva sitting in his mouth that he can't swallow properly around that ball, which now drips from his lips and down his chin onto the table.

"Good." Dream lets himself fuck as hard and fast as he can, now, hand wrapping properly around Quackity's dick and jerking in time with the thrusts. "God, you've been so good, you've taken all of this so well - you're so fucking filthy, the way you try to scream, the way you fuck yourself onto me even more the more I whip you, oh my god, Quackity."

Quackity's sounds only grow more urgent, high-pitched and whiny. He's writhing around uncontrollably now, and those moans only get louder when Dream picks up the whip and flogs him again as he fucks him. "Quackity, come on, cum for me now, cum all over my hand as I fuck you. Come *on*."

The last words are growled out through gritted teeth as Dream thrusts into him with two more long, violent pumps, and releases hot and sudden, deep inside Quackity's hole. As he does so, he grabs the back of the choker and a couple chunks of Quackity's hair and *pulls*, lifting Quackity off the table and choking him as he feels his little dick twitch and spill all over his hand as he continues stroking him. When deep moans turn back into slightly-panicked, high-pitched whines from overstimulation, he keeps going for a couple seconds, before relenting, quickly moving to untie the gag and handcuffs.

Quackity gasps in a deep breath the moment he's released, collapsing against the table with a huge, blissed out smile on his face. "I- I didn't know- dude, I didn't know it would be *that*, I didn't know *you* could,"

Dream laughs - this time so much kinder and less cruel and just friendly, really. "Had fun, I assume?" he asks.

Quackity turns around, rolling his eyes, and wipes a bit of cum off his dick absent-mindedly. He grins, wide. "Shut up, Dream. Cocky motherfucker."

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this! Please leave a comment if you liked this, and chuck me a kudos

while you're at it. Thanks to [thym](#) for beta, and you for reading :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!